masters heere's money for you, and the Generall so likes your musique, that hee desires you of all loues, to make no more noyse with it.

Boy, Well sir, wee will not.

Clo. If you haue any musique that may not bee heard, to't againe, but as they saay, to heare musique, the Generall does not greatly care.

Boy. We ha none such sir.

Clo. Then put your pipes in your bag, for I'le away; goe, vanish away.

Cas. Doest thou heare my honest friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honest friend, I heare you.

Cas. Preethee keepe vp thy quillets, there's a poore peece of gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generals wife be stirring, tell her there's one *Cassio*, entreates her a little fauour of speech --- wilt thou doe this?

Clo. She is stirring sir, if she will stirre hither, I shall seeme to notifie vnto her. *Enter* Iago.

Cas. Doe good my friend: In happy time *Iago*.

Iag. You ha not bin a bed then.

Cas. Why no, the day had broke before we parted:
I ha made bold *Iago*, to send in to your wife, --- my suite to her,
Is, that she will to vertuous *Desdemona*,
Procure me some accesse.

Iag. I'le send her to you presently,
And I le deuise a meane to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your conuerse and businesse,
May be more free. *Exit.*

Cas. I humbly thanke you for it: I neuer knew
A Florentine more kinde and honest:

Enter Emilia.

Em. Good morrow good Leiutenant, I am sorry
For your displeasure, but all will soone be well,
The Generall and his wife are talking of it,
And she speakes for you stourly: the Moore replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in *Cypres*,
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisedome,

He

He might not but refuse you: but
And needes no other suitor but hi
To take the safest occasion by the
To bring you in againe.

Cas. Yet I beseech you,
If you thinke fit, or that it may be
Giue me aduantage of some brief
With *Desdemona* alone.

Em. Pray you come in,
I will bestow you where you shall
To speake your bosome freely.

Enter Othello, Iago, *and*

Oth. These letters giue *Iago*, t
And by him, doe my duties to the
That done, I will be walking on t
Repaire there to me.

Iag. Well my good Lord, I'le

Oth. This fortification Gentle

Gent. We waite vpon your Lo

Enter Desdemona, Cass

Des. Be thou assur'd good *Ca*
All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Em. Good Madam do, I know
As if the case were his.

Desd. O that's an honest fello
But I will haue my Lord and you
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bountious Madame,
What euer shall become of *Mich*
Hee's neuer any thing but your t

Desd. O sir, I thanke you, you
You haue knowne him long, and
He shall in strangest, stand no fart
Then in a politique distance.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22304) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.3